

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

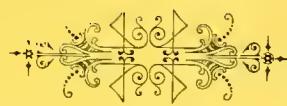
THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

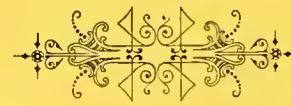
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY



Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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THE COMING BOOK.

THE undersigned takes great pleasure in announcing a forthcoming volume, which was contemplated and partially prepared twenty years ago—when a measurably complete biographical outline of the subject appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The book has been in active progress and revision during the past four years; but has been delayed by circumstances well-known to the public, long past the time at which we had hoped to issue it. It is

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VOL. XXIII.

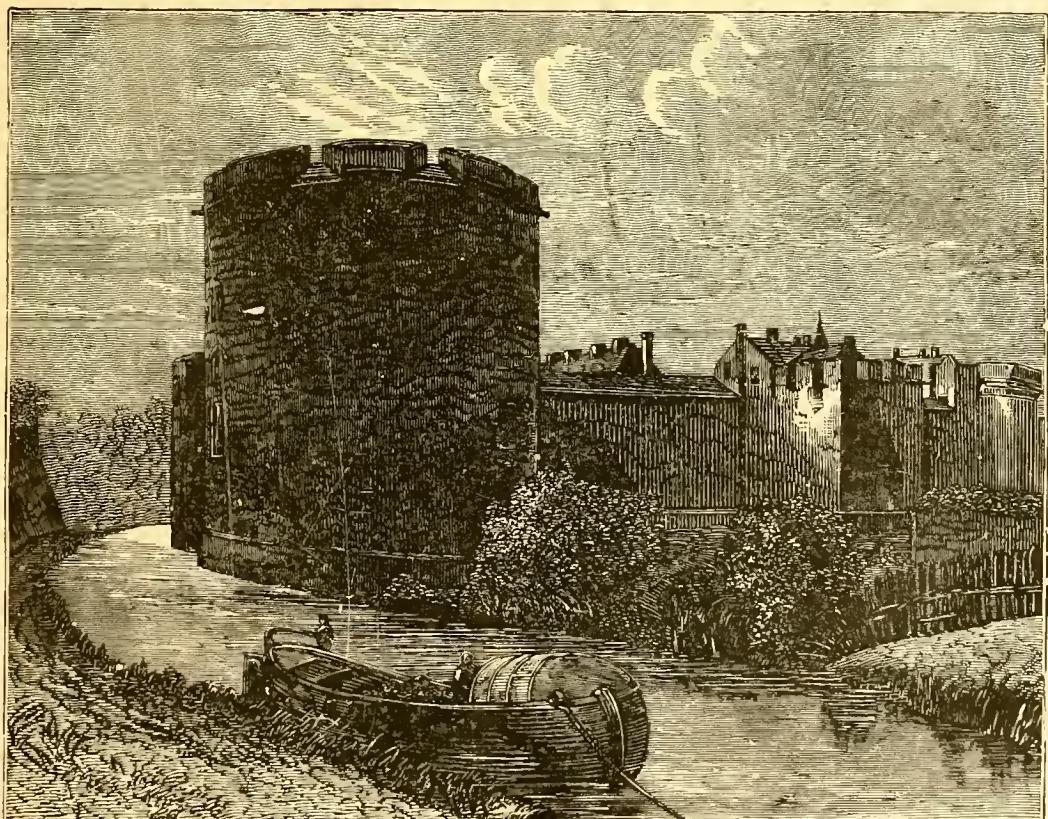
SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1888.

NO. 16.

A HISTORICAL FORTRESS.

A SMALL town situated on the river Somme, about thirty-six miles east-south-east of Amiens, has become somewhat famous in French history because of its fortress which is now used as a state prison, and at one time confined no less a personage than Louis Napoleon, the late emperor of the French. The structure was built in the year 1470, with

asters of the year 1815—he seemed to feel the mantle of kingly dignity fall upon him, and immediately began to secretly gather sympathizers around him. His first attempt to bring his countrymen to acknowledge him as king was made at Strasburg where he attempted to seize the fortress. Here, however, he was captured, and only escaped death by agree-



walls thirty-nine feet thick, and its principal tower one hundred and eight feet high and of the same diameter.

Louis Napoleon became the legal heir to the throne of France by the death of the only son of Napoleon the Great in 1832. Though at the time an exile in Switzerland—because of the expulsion from France of the royal family after the dis-

ing to go to America. His stay here was of short duration, and he was soon again in Switzerland. The demand of France for his expulsion being complied with, the prince sought refuge in England. Contentment here was brief, for he began to gather around him a few Englishmen as well as some of his own countrymen who thought they saw fame and fortune

in following him. With a small company of fifty men, he landed on the 6th of August, 1840, at Boulogne where dismay quickly seized upon his soldiers and they fled to the beach and were captured. It was now thought that the prince would surely be put to death; but, not so. After a tedious trial, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the dismal fortress of Ham.

Hoping for freedom yet without the slightest chance of escape, nearly six years passed away. He then learned that his father was on his death-bed in Italy, and the prince begged for permission to go and see his parent before he died. This request was not granted, and apparently the terrible sentence pronounced against him would be carried out to the letter.

One day, however, the prince, whose brain was now constantly racked with plans for escape, was walking within the walls of the castle, when a number of masons and carpenters were summoned to make some needed repairs. Instantly an idea flashed through his mind which buoyed him up with hope. Why should not he effect his escape in the garb of a workman? Could he not make his disguise good? Such questions he asked himself and found an affirmative answer. He therefore began to lay his plans. Obtaining a workman's dress, a long wig and an old cap, and having shaved himself and painted his hands red and black, he presented himself one Monday morning at the gate of egress with a plank upon his shoulder. As he passes along a workman addresses him, but he pretends not to hear. He then comes to the first sentry whom he throws off his guard by moving the plank to hide his face, and carelessly dropping his pipe, the pieces of which he coolly stoops to gather.

Reaching the grounds of the castle he first meets an officer who is reading a letter and thus fails to notice the disguised prisoner. He then comes to a group of workmen who eye him rather suspiciously and pass on. Now he is at the outer gate where a lazy sentry scrutinizes him closely for a moment, and then throws back the bolts and gives him freedom.

Though the escape was apparently very easy, it was attended with many dangers and difficulties, and would have been impossible but for the assistance of two friends who were with him in the fortress. One of these was Dr. Conneau, who, though formerly a fellow prisoner, was afterwards permitted to act as physician to Louis, and the other was his faithful valet. These effectually concealed the escape of the prince until he had sufficient time to get beyond the reach of those who were sent out to recapture him.

To do this was no easy matter, as it was the custom of the governor of the castle to see his illustrious prisoner daily. After the prince had gone, however, the doctor carefully closed the door, prepared a warm fire and pretended his master was very ill. He spoke in subdued tones, and urged for his patient the necessity of rest and quiet. As a result the keeper consented to leave the supposed sick man at rest. But in the evening the governor was determined to see his prisoner, and the physician was equally resolved that he should not. When the former came, therefore, the doctor went to the bed of the prince and called him by name. No response was given and Conneau intimated by signs that Louis still slept. Thus was another respite allowed. After some hours the commandant insisted upon entering the prince's cell, and there he discovered a stuffed figure carefully covered in bed.

Soldiers were promptly sent in every direction to try and intercept the fugitive, but their efforts were fruitless, and before many days Napoleon reached England in safety. In a

few years the object of his ambition was attained and he became the emperor of the French.

The doctor, however, for the share he had in the escape of the prince received a severe punishment in the shape of imprisonment.

This is the incident connected with the fortress of Ham, which both before and since the events related, has contained within its gloomy walls many prominent political prisoners.

ONE WHO CAN BE TRUSTED.

"WELL!" exclaimed young Roger Glasgow, raising himself up, "that is all right at last, but it cost me one full hour's sweat!"

"How much short!" yawned Louis Markham.

"Nine cents, but it is all right now. My bungling way of making nine caused the trouble. I called it zero."

Louis gave a prolonged whistle, and then broke into a loud laugh. "You are a greeny, Roger, to trouble about such small mistakes. I would not have spent an hour over as many dollars."

"How would you have closed your account, then?" Roger inquired.

"Changed a figure of course, to make it tally."

"Changed a figure, without having discovered your mistake?" echoed Roger.

"Certainly! I would have known that a mistake existed, and to save time and trouble, I would have made it balance."

"What if some member of the firm would see proper to examine your account?"

"Even under such circumstances, they would not observe so trifling an error; or, noticing it, would attribute it to a mistake, of course. Nine cents! Why, Roger, a hundred times that amount could not affect them in the least."

"It would surely affect me, Louis; I have no right to squander the funds of the firm, because my carelessness or dishonesty would not be felt. I will leave nothing in my handwriting that will not bear the light of day."

"How much do you make by your honesty?" sneered Louis. "Perhaps you are not aware that your over-righteousness cost you your clerkship; and if a bookkeeper had not been in demand you would have received your walking papers. Perkins' rascality was in your favor just then."

Roger looked up from his ledger with a puzzled expression.

"I see they did not tell you that your disagreeable habit of pointing out the defects of the goods could not be tolerated. The firm was losing money every day, and you would have been asked to take a back seat, had not Perkins' treachery come to light just then. The condition of affairs made an honest bookkeeper above par, that morning, and you were quietly smuggled into his place. You see an upright bookkeeper is just the thing; but the greater rascal the salesman—the better. Every man for his business, you know."

"But I thought you had been taught something about 'doing unto others as you would have them do unto you,'" replied Roger, gravely.

"Humph! you cannot bring such rules into everyday business," Louis replied.

"Then I would not try to follow it at all; for a rule only to be applied as fancy dictates, can be of no practical importance."

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," repeated Louis.

"That is the very thing that I am trying to do. Every penny that belongs to my employers I am under obligation to guard; but my conscience is God's; and I have no right to sacrifice it on the altar of mammon."

"Where did you learn to preach?" retorted Louis.

"I am preaching only such a sermon as every child can understand. If we are Christians, we will try to be true to our calling, no matter what it costs us," urged Roger.

At that moment Mr. Morrison, the senior partner, came out of the office, and as he passed the lads he bestowed on them a searching look. They had been ignorant of his proximity, and felt somewhat abashed; but Roger's clear eyes were not downcast, for he had only done his duty.

Mr. Morrison said nothing, but he kept the boys in view; and when a more responsible position afforded, it was not Louis whose heart was made glad by promotion. When Louis Markham's name was mentioned, Mr. Morrison shook his head, saying he wanted a boy who could be trusted; one who would spend an hour in order to keep his honor bright and his record clean, was not going to prove unfaithful where thousands of dollars are at stake.

To-day Roger is an honored partner of the firm he first served, while Louis' dishonesty has made it difficult for him to secure even the most humble position.

"I will honor them that honor me," is a promise well verified.

Selected.

ONE GREAT LESSON.

BY F. V. F.

IN our journey through life, wherever we are and whatever our situation or avocation, we are continually learning lessons. Life might be termed a grand school and we the students, for no rational being can live without this constant learning of something. These lessons may be simple, but they are numerous, and engage our time from the cradle to the grave.

Though these lessons may be simple and easily acquired, there is one very important lesson in life that is not to be acquired in a day, or even in years, by some. Many, indeed, have spent their whole life without learning it. It is simply to learn how little we know and how much we do not know. Simple as this may seem to some, there is much embraced in it, and I think when this lesson has been once mastered by any one, he has learned the greatest and most important lesson to be known in life.

It seems very natural for us, in this age of the world to over-estimate the value of man's requirements, knowledge and progress in the arts and sciences and in the hidden secrets of nature. This age is so vastly superior to former ages in advantages, that many seem to think that man has reached his highest perfection of knowledge. But this cannot be true for something must yet remain to learn, no matter what the extent of his knowledge.

We do live, truly, in an enlightened age. For six thousand years man has existed on the earth, and has continued to progress? If we believe those who are capable of knowing, we shall find that in their opinion we are just entering the great age of discoveries, and that man's knowledge, compared with what remains to be known, is infinitely small.

Some may ask where is the field for progress. They are directed to the sciences. Astronomy is a science nearly two thousand years old, but is it complete? Do we know all that is to be known about it? Far from it. Natural philosophy and geology, too, are old, yet regarding them, hundreds of unanswered questions might be asked. Chemistry is in its infancy, and so on through the whole catalogue we see there is plenty of room for genius to develop itself.

Through every day of our lives we experience the light and heat: no one can tell us what they are. Though man has made electricity his servant and one of the most important agents in civilization, he knows nothing of its nature.

Then, too, how little we know of man himself and his relation to the Infinite! What is his future to be and what is his eternal soul, and in what manner does it operate on his material body? Will the future answer it? The present answers it still imperfectly.

In art, too, there is room for work. Inventions are called for every day which are as yet unknown. But the future will surely bring them out.

Genius must not slumber. There is plenty of work and plenty of room. What the past has left undone the future must accomplish.

So we see knowledge is boundless. Having learned all we could on earth, something would remain. Man may progress as long as he remains in this world, and it is only fair to presume that the process continues in the next, and that with enlarged capabilities he continues to learn.

We see from this that there can be no such thing as complete education, at least on earth. But it is not seldom that we hear of persons who, having graduated at some college or place of learning, are spoken of as having completed their education. Such persons sometimes boast that they have learned all there is to know, and are hence incapable of receiving instruction. How mistaken this idea! One thing is lacking in such: they know not how little they do know. The greatest and wisest men that ever lived considered themselves but little nearer a perfect education than the child or youth. Here, then, is the application of our great lesson: Having learned how little we know, we are wise. We are then ready to progress onward, knowing ourselves to be what we really are, mere beginners in the great field of knowledge. Then, too, we should try to progress. Though we may never become eminent or notorious, though the world may never hear of us, we may become useful and honorable members of society by the acquirement of whatever degree of knowledge lies in our power.

Though we may never become Newtons in every respect, we may in one, and that is in a knowledge of our own insignificance. Near the close of his illustrious and eventful life, he gave utterance to these beautiful and touching words, which are so applicable to us that all should remember them: "I seem," he said, "to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

FRIENDS.—If thy friends be of better quality than thyself thou mayest be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast: the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

"IT is more than mischief, it is malice," said Mr. Tristram, the master of Pine Hill school, to his twenty boys, who were standing before him with downcast looks. "Yes, I repeat it," he continued sternly, "the act was as malicious as it is mean. To stable a cow in the schoolroom last night, and give us a day's work to repair the damages—and some of the injury done cannot be repaired—proves that the culprit, whoever he may be, intended to do serious injury. This is the third time within two months that the same evil spirit has been manifest in different pranks. Now, young gentlemen, I am very lenient, as you know, to mere thoughtless, schoolboy mischief, but this outrage is malicious, and I cannot overlook it. Now will you answer me! Who are the guilty ones? Those who have taken no part in it please hold up their right hands."

Twenty hands went up simultaneously.

Mr. Tristram's lip curled scornfully. "I am sorry to see we have one or more liars among us."

A small boy spoke up nervously, "Please, sir, Mr. Tristram, maybe it wa'nt none of us boys. Maybe somebody else turned the cow into the schoolroom."

"I wish that could be proved, but I don't believe it. Edgar Oliver, come up here."

A tall handsome youth of about seventeen, with frank face and brave blue eyes, walked up to the master's desk.

"Now, Oliver, you are never afraid of speaking the truth, I know. I ask you if this mischief was done by a person connected with the school; that is, if you know anything about it?"

"Yes sir, I know who did it, and it was not any one outside."

"Very well. I know it is useless to ask you the name of the guilty party. None of you, I suppose are willing to turn informer? But I appeal to the guilty boy, if he has any manliness and honorable feeling, to come forward bravely and clear his innocent companions from suspicion."

A dead silence. Mr. Tristram, as quick-eyed as a detective, noticed that two or three of the large boys cast furtive glances at a down-looking, sullen-faced lad who stood leaning against the wall.

"It's John Marks," he thought, "just the mean fellow for such tricks." Then he said, suddenly, "Master John Marks did you play this trick?"

"No sir," was the unhesitating response; but the master noticed that his thick lips twitched nervously as he spoke.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Tristram, contemptuously, "since you deny it and none of your companions are willing to turn informers, you must all be punished together. You will all remain in school during the noon recess for a month, and your evening ball play on the school green will be stopped for that period of time. In fact, it will be all work and no play until the time of your vicarious punishment has ended."

There was a surprised murmur among some of the large boys—"mean!" "cowardly!" "to let us all be punished for him!"—but the classes were called up, and there was no time for further words.

When school was let out in the evening, the boys, instead of their hour of pleasant ball play, marched disconsolately homewards. The school-house was in the midst of the pine woods on the summit of a sloping hill. The settlement around it was a scattered one, and the nearest house was at least half a mile distant. The boys had therefore, a long walk, and in different directions.

But two of them, Edgar Oliver and John Marks, lived near each other, and their homeward walk was frequently of necessity taken together, little as Oliver liked the society of his neighbor. That evening they walked on in utter silence, until Oliver suddenly halted in front of his companion.

"Look here," he cried, his blue eyes flashing with anger, "what a contemptible coward you are, John Marks, to lie and stand up as you did, and let us all be punished for your meanness! Why didn't you act the man for once in your life? I wish we had thrashed you yesterday when you wanted us to join you in your filthy trick. We didn't believe even *you* would have done it until we found our desks broken this morning."

"You needn't have told the master one of us done it," sullenly said the boy. "He'd never have found out for certain, so it was your telling got us punished. He'd do more than whip me if he knew, for he threatened to expel me last week. Father says if he does, he'll take the very skin off me, and put me in the field with his hands. Hope you won't tell on me. It was you who got us punished anyhow."

Oliver turned upon him a look of scorn.

"Tell on you, no! but not for your sake, but because of the law we have laid down. So you expected me to be mean enough to lie to the master when he asked me a downright question? Now listen to me, for these are the last words that will pass between us. We won't expose you, but we have all agreed not to associate with you. There isn't a boy in this school who has not declared that he will cut you. So you'd better leave it."

Without a word more Oliver turned from his companion and hurried on.

John Marks stood still for a few minutes. He was furious with anger, but two cowardly to resent Oliver's plain words. It is not pleasant even for the worst boy in the world to be cut by all his companions because he is a coward and a liar. He clenched his teeth and muttered,—

"He's put 'em all up to treatin' me so. I'll be even with him!"

From that day he seemed to accept the situation doggedly. Not one of the boys spoke to him. If he drew near a lively group, they became silent or lowered their voices. He brought the finest of melons and peaches to school, and, contrary to his usual habits, offered them freely to his school mates. A nod of refusal was his only answer. One greedy little fellow having been discovered with a half-eaten pear in his possession which he whiningly said was forced upon him by Marks, was carried up to that young gentleman and made to drop the pear at its owner's feet.

Mr. Tristram took silent note of this conduct.

"The fellow must be a rhinoceros," he thought, to "stand this social ostracism as he does. Will he never confess?"

But John Marks gave no sign. He brought up his ill-learned lessons, and was punished for them as usual. He ate his lonely dinners in a corner, and sat at his desk whittling, his evil face bent down, as impassive as ever.

About a week after the cow episode, a very angry old gentleman made his way to the schoolhouse.

"Mr. Tristram," he began, abruptly, "I've come to lodge a complaint against one of your boys. I've had half a mind to settle my own score with him without troubling you, but I thought I'd come to you first."

"Well, what has been done, Mr. Manners, and how do you know one of my scholars is in fault?"

"What's been done?" his voice getting shrill with anger, "Well, a cruel trick's been done, sir. You know my pretty

gentle heifer Violet? Why, sir, they tied a rope round the poor creature's neck so tight she was almost strangled, and they've cut all the hair off her tail, her fine bushy tail, sir, until it's bare as the palm of my hand. The hair's all cut off in patches from her body, and the cruel wretch that did it cut the skin, too. She's covered with wounds and blood, and her own mother wouldn't know her. It was done last evening."

"A cruel unmanly trick," answered Mr. Tristram, gravely. "But, Mr. Manners, what evidence have you that one of my boys was guilty of it?"

"This evidence, sir. A very convincing one, I think." And drawing a grammar from his pocket, he laid it before Mr. Tristram. "I found this near the heifer."

Mr. Tristram turned to the first page, and cried out in astonishment,—

"Edgar Oliver? Impossible! Come here, Oliver, and tell me if this is your book, for your name is in it!"

"It is mine, sir," he answered, examining it; "but I missed it a week ago."

"You missed it, young man, when you choked my heifer!" indignantly exclaimed Mr. Manners.

"You surely don't think that I would do such a cruel act, sir?" Oliver was too much astonished to feel angry. "Why, Mr. Manners, you've known me from a child, and how can you suspect .. e? Besides, I wasn't here last evening at all. My father and I rode to the Home Farm, and stayed there until dark. We didn't get home until between ten and eleven last night. You can ask my father, sir."

"Well, I must say, Edgar, you were the last boy I should have suspected without this witness," touching the book. "But anyhow you've proved an alibi, and I'm glad of it. Good morning, Mr. Tristram. One of your boys is guilty, and I wish you'd find out which one, and punish him as you ought."

The master leaned back wearily and sighed. Two years before he had come to Pine Hill full of hope and zeal in his profession. His scholarship was unquestioned, his patience unwearied. He had brought to his task energy and true love of his work, and the progress of his scholars in their studies had been very marked. But for six months his peace had been destroyed by complaints made against the scholars of his school for willful devastation. Whole melon patches had been destroyed by plugging all the unripe fruit. Orchard trees were girdled, horses were hobbled and lamed. A demon of malice seemed let loose in the neighborhood, and somehow in each case there had been some slight circumstance that seemed to indicate that the demon belonged to Pine Hill school.

"Don't worry so, Tristram," said one of his friends. "Remember that you're only a day-teacher, and your responsibility ends when school is out. Your elephant is hard enough to manage in school hours, but you needn't insist upon packing it about with you all the time."

"I don't agree with you. If, after two years spent in teaching moral obligations and responsibilities as well as class lessons, I am to be pricked by such brambles among the wheat I have sowed, I'd better give up teaching. I'm not fit for it. All this wrong-doing seems to show either that I am without influence among my scholars, or that my system is visionary and not practical."

"Come, don't be cast down," laughed his friend. "I'm sure not more than one or two bad boys have done this. Your school is noted for its general good conduct."

I just wish I could catch the one or two, that's all. Good-night. I find I must return to the schoolhouse for a letter I

forgot and left in my desk. It's rather dark, but I have matches and a lamp there."

That same evening John Marks sat alone in the loft of his father's barn twisting a hair rope from a large pile of hair that lay before him. He was in an ill-humor, for he drew the strands snappishly, and muttered to himself,—

"What a fool I was to choose the very evenin' he went away, and didn't know it! If he hadn't bin away he couldn't have saved himself, for there was his book to prove against him. He'd have been punished, and I'd have got the hair, too. I wish he was dead—yes, and all the rest of 'em, too, old Tristram at the head! I hate 'em all, but him most. I wish the blasted old schoolhouse would tumble in, and then he's bound to go. There aint no other house round here fit for a schoolhouse."

A sudden thought struck him, for he dropped the rope and sat motionless for many minutes. At last, with a muttered "I'll do it if I die for it!" he descended the ladder from the loft to the ground, and walking cautiously to the kitchen, listened at the door.

No one was stirring there, for the cook had gone to spend the evening with a neighbor. A light was burning, and the boy took an empty bottle from the dresser, and then went to a little closet. In a minute he returned with the bottle, and climbing over the fence on the side of the yard, made his way to the woods. It was a clear evening, and the path he took lay over the pine hills where the underbrush made dark shadows. Marks started at every sound, and once dropped the bottle to the ground.

Mr. Tristram, after feeling in vain for his matches in the desk, had opened one of the windows to let in a glimmer of light. The twilight was so beautiful that he stood there gazing out, when his attention was arrested by a moving figure hurrying over the clearing in the midst of which the schoolhouse stood. He was surprised that any person should approach at that hour, and, stepping one side so that he could not be seen, he watched the figure.

It came swiftly on until it reached the side of the house, and then bent down and looked under it. There was something in the slouching, awkward movements familiar to the master, but the next moment left no room for doubt.

"I thought they'd moved the pine knots," said the hoarse voice of John Marks, talking to himself; "but here they are, and here's the light wood splinters. I'll oil 'em well, and now to burn the old rat's nest!"

There was the sound of a match scraping against the house, a bright light sprang up, and just at that moment Mr. Tristram threw himself from the open window, and secured John Marks before he had time to escape. It was but a moment's struggle. The boy was almost powerless in an encounter with the strong arms of the teacher; but by the time the master had brought Marks to submission it was too late to save the house. The planks were old and dry, and burned like tinder. When the neighbors, summoned by the burning schoolhouse, came rushing up from every direction they found the master nervously gazing at the fire, and his miserable prisoner crouching on the ground.

I have no space to tell of the trial and conviction of the wretched boy. He served a term in the penitentiary, and then disappeared. Mr. Tristram still teaches in the new schoolhouse on Pine Hill, and his system of teaching as well as of government has ceased to be questioned because of the misdemeanors of his pupils. In fact it is more than probable that John Marks alone brought discredit on the school.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

MARGIE'S MOTTO.

(Concluded from page 231.)

"OUT in the country somewhere," said Margie, quickly. "It's warm weather, and we can sleep in the woods, if we choose. It will be better than smelling Loughlin's swill. So don't you fret, Nellie."

She began to pack up their clothes in a bundle, and kept up her father's courage with cheerful words as she worked.

"Take down my motto for me, daddy. I sha'n't leave that for Mellen, anyhow. Mother worked it, you know; and it says on it, 'The Lord will provide.'"

"Let's hope He will, honey," said daddy, as he unhooked the framed motto from the wall.

"Let's believe it, too," returned Margie. "That's His own promise, daddy, and I'm going to trust it."

She could not tell how they were going to be provided for any more than the others could; but she knew, as her dead mother had often told her, God's promise must come true. So she shouldered her bundle, and trudged out of the town with a cheerful spirit. They slept under a hedge that night, with their bundles for pillows; but Margie laughed, and said the hedge had a sweet smell, anyhow. And in fact they all slept soundly, and awoke none the worse for lying out of doors.

In the morning a kind-hearted woman at a farm-house gave them some breakfast; and later in the day daddy got a job of wood-sawing, which provided supper for them all and a bed of clean straw in an out-house. So they trudged along, from day to day, looking for work, and getting a little each day, so that every night Margie would say:

"Didn't I tell you, daddy, that the Lord would provide?"

And daddy would answer:

"Yes honey, you did; and it's come true—so far."

He never felt quite sure that the provision would continue; but Margie kept her faith in her motto all the way through.

One day they stopped at a comfortable-looking farm-house with a fine orchard behind it. An old lady sat in a rocking-chair on the front porch; and she had such a sweet face that Margie walked up to her without feeling afraid.

"Please ma'am," she said, without waiting for daddy to speak, "won't you give my father some work to do? He's tramped all the way from New York; an' if you'll hire him, he'll work for you honest an' cheap. An' Nellie an' me we'll help him."

"Poor little children!" said the lady kindly. "What can you do? And how can I tell if your father is an honest man?"

"Oh, he is?" cried Margie eagerly; "an' he's got a paper to tell you so. Show her the paper in your pocket, daddy."

So daddy drew out a letter that a former employer had written about him; and this, together with Margie's honest face, so pleased the old lady that she concluded to give daddy a chance.

"I'm wanting help," she said, "to gather in my pears and apples. So I'll hire you all for one week, and if you suit me upon trial, it may be I can find steady work for you."

Before the day was over, they were all at work in the orchard, and by the end of the week daddy was one of the hired men on the place, and Margie was earning wages as a little chambermaid for the good lady. They are all in this happy home still, and Margie will always believe—as well she may—that the Lord did provide it.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 14.

1. What Nauvoo City official expressed his fears to Governor Ford concerning the safety of the brethren? A. Marshal John P. Greene.

2. How did Ford reply to the warning? A. "Marshal Greene, you are too enthusiastic."

3. To what conclusion are we forced in view of the repeated statements to the Governor? A. That he was aware of the design to murder the Prophet, and, perhaps, his friends, and taking no steps to prevent it thereby became accessory to the deed.

4. What was the character of the Carthage Greys? A. They were a mutinous body of men, they having been arrested two days before for insulting the commanding general.

5. What other enemies to the Saints were near at hand? A. The mobbers who had been found at Carthage and mustered into the service of the State; also two or three hundred armed men located on the Warsaw road, under the leadership of a Baptist preacher, Levi Williams, a sworn enemy to the Prophet.

6. In what part of the day did Ford start to Nauvoo? A. In the forenoon.

7. What part of the troops formed his escort? A. Those most friendly to the prisoners and who were disposed to do right.

8. Who of the brethren went to procure witnesses from Nauvoo in behalf of the brethren? A. Brothers C. H. Wheelock and John S. Fullmer.

9. What brother was refused admittance to the jail, notwithstanding the Governor had furnished him a pass for the purpose? A. Captain Dan Jones.

WE have received correct answers to Questions on Church history in No. 13 from the following:—Avildia L. Page, Mary E. Porter.

The names of those who answered the Questions on Church history in No. 14 are as follows:—Lottie Fox, Jas. G. West, Henry H. Blood, Mary E. Porter, Annie Sylvia Sessions.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. FROM what work did Hyrum read some extracts? 2. At what time in the afternoon was the guard changed? 3. How many men were stationed at the jail? 4. Where was the main body of the Carthage Greys? 5. What word did the guards send into the jail? 6. How was their wish received? 7. Who tasted the beverage that was brought in by the guard? 8. As the guard turned to leave the room what was heard? 9. What followed? 10. By whom was this done? 11. What did Dr. Richards see through the window?

A QUARREL.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?

If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

HARRY had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so, too. So he came to his aunt and said: "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe; so she said: "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy as he put his top away in his pocket and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh yes, Harry, I shall be very glad to have you," said his uncle.

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was "all right." He never stopped to worry or tease; he never asked "Why can't I?" Harry had learned to obey, and to obey in good humor.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE of the most notable traits in the character of the Lord Jesus is the constant desire which He manifested to do the will of His Father in Heaven. It seemed to be ever with Him and never lost sight of. It is a most impressive lesson to the children of men. Here is the Son of God, Himself one of the Godhead, a Being possessing power, and authority, and glory in the eternal worlds beyond our most exalted imagination, and yet so humble, and obedient, and reverential to His Father, with whom He was so intimately associated. There is nothing like it in the history of mankind. Both the Bible and the Book of Mormon bear abundant testimony to this glorious and most admirable trait in His character.

How different in this respect to the rest of mankind! How easily men get puffed up! Give them a little authority, and how fond they are of exerting it! Give them a little power, and how quick they exercise it! Mankind appear to have no fears about claiming equality. Where men exercise joint sovereignty, the junior is not afraid to assert himself and claim all he thinks he is entitled to.

But in the case of our Savior, how different His demeanor! What an *example* He sets to all the children of men! To do the will of His Father seemed to be the entire object and aim of His existence. When told upon one occasion that His mother and His brethren were outside and desired to see Him, He asked the question:

"Who is my mother and who are my brethren?"

Turning to His disciples, He said:

"Behold my mother and my brethren!"

"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

In the gospel, as Latter-day Saints have proved, earthly ties are not so strong as those ties which are created by obedience to our Father and our God. Where parents and other relatives do not obey the Lord, love for them is not to be compared with the love that one entertains for those who keep the Lord's commands.

While on the earth, the Lord by all His words and acts exalted His Father; He glorified Him, He lifted Him up as the object of all earthly adoration, and as the Supreme Being, to receive all earthly reverence, obedience and honor.

Shall we not, as His children, learn a lesson from this glorious example? There is a greater difference between us and our earthly parents, in many respects, than there was between the Savior and His Father; for in all the writings that have come to us, in all the statements made in the revelations of God, Jesus was one with His Father, being, as we have said, a member of the Godhead with Him.

Every rightly-constituted family honors its head.

The head of the household is the man. Wives who are dutiful and loving pay that respect to their husbands which is due to them as their head. Children do the same to their parents, both father and mother. Whenever a child treats

its father or its mother with disrespect, it is easy to see that the future of that child will not be happy, unless it repents. To a rightly-constituted mind it is most painful to see children treating their parents without due reverence.

The child may say that the parents have faults. Is the child destitute of faults? If children, in seeing the faults of their parents, think that they themselves are free from faults, then they should be perfect enough to bear with the faults of their parents, and be so kind to them that they will cover their faults and not make them an object of criticism or censure. But the fact is, where children see faults in their parents, they themselves have plenty of faults, which they should endeavor to correct instead of thinking and talking about the faults of their fathers and their mothers.

A loving, well-trained child takes delight in complying with the wishes of its parents. It is its highest pleasure to do that which they require. Such children obey their parents with alacrity. If they know their parents' wishes, they do not wait to have them told to them. Where such children dwell, there are no frowns, there are no expressions of a wish not to do as they are told. Such children are not heard making the reply to their mothers, or to their fathers, "Why cannot someone else do this?" Neither are they heard saying, "I don't want to," in reply to a request that is made of them to do something. Such remarks are evidences of bad training; and every sensible boy and girl should be too ashamed to ever give utterance to such replies. If children only knew the pains that their parents have taken with them, how they have cared for them in infancy and watched over them night and day, frequently exhausting themselves to render them assistance, their hearts would overflow with gratitude to their parents, and they would feel that they could not do them sufficient kindness to repay them for all that they had done for them in their childhood and youth.

We say to the JUVENILES, keep in mind the example of the Lord Jesus. Remember His willingness and great desire to do the will of His Father in Heaven. Seek to be like Him. Respect your parents. Honor them. Obey them without murmuring. Make it your highest pleasure to comply with their wishes. Fill their hearts with joy at seeing your devotion to their interests and your love for their welfare and happiness.

EXPERIENCE has proved that dutiful, obedient children make excellent husbands and wives, and are kind and loving parents. A man of experience in this life, if he were selecting a wife, would shun the girl that did not respect, honor and obey her parents; for he would reasonably expect that she would not treat him with that affection which is due from wife to husband.

A woman of any knowledge of mankind would not select for a husband a man who treated his mother unkindly, or who disregarded the admonitions of his father.

A man who would not treat his mother with kindness would be sure to prove a severe and exacting husband, and one from whom affection and loving attentions could not be expected.

The experience of mankind has proved this to be true.

Where children show love for their parents, they are likely to show love for husbands and wives, and for their offspring, when the time comes for them to have children. And this love is not confined to the relationships of this life; it extends to eternity.

An obedient son makes a missionary or an Elder who is easily governed. The reverence that he has for his father is intensi-

fied to his God. If he is strict in obeying the commands of his earthly father, it is probable that he will be far more strict in honoring the requirements of his Heavenly Father. The reverence that he has for his earthly father becomes adoration and heartfelt worship for his Heavenly Father.

LESSONS ON HEALTH.

BY E. F. P.

CHAPTER VIII.—CARE FOR THE BODILY ORGANS—THE EYE.

THIS organ is so delicate and sensitive that it requires the most tender and particular care. To protect the eye and preserve good sight, observe the following:

Avoid reading, writing or performing any work that requires the close attention of the eye, at dusk, or with a dim light.

The reading of books printed with small type is painful to the eye, and should not be indulged in to any great extent.

While reading or performing any kind of work by artificial light, arrange to have the light shine upon the object you wish to see and not in your eyes.

Do not strain the eyes or overtax them with labor when they become weary, and avoid irritating them in any way.

Dust or small substances that get into the eye can generally be removed by closing the eyelid gently upon it. The irritation brought on by the substance striking the eye will cause the tears to flow, and thus wash away the obstruction.

By all means avoid rubbing the eye, as that only makes it worse and more inflamed.

Reading in bed, while lying down, or while riding in a car (unless it runs very smoothly), is injurious to the organ of sight.

Never sleep in a place where the sun, moon or any other strong light shines upon your face.

The eye is so delicate that it should be meddled with as little as possible. A weak solution of salt water is good for strengthening the eyes, when they become a little weak; but the water should not be dashed into them with force: merely wash them gently around the edges.

Children should be taught to not look at the sun with the naked eye for any length of time, as they are sometimes apt to do for amusement. They should also be warned against looking "cross-eyed," etc.

THE EAR.

This organ also requires careful attention if we wish to preserve our hearing faculty perfect. But this care only needs to be bestowed upon the outer part of it. Syringing and cleaning the inner part of the ear is more apt to injure than benefit it, unless done properly. When a person is healthy, nature performs this requirement most abundantly.

Nothing should be placed further in the ear than the finger can be admitted.

Avoid digging into the ear with a pin or any other hard substance or instrument.

Be particularly careful in cold weather to thoroughly dry the ear and the hair about it after washing.

It is a cruel practice to "box" childrens' ears with the palm of the hand. A sudden compression of the air caused by such a blow is liable to break or injure the thin membrane called the drum, or tympanum, of the ear.

Small children should be cautioned about placing small substances in the ear, as it is difficult to get such things out without a risk of injuring the hearing organ.

THE TEETH.

The following will be found useful in preserving the teeth from aching and from decay:

Keep them clean by brushing them often. Draw the brush along the teeth from the roots towards the outer ends, and not across from right to left.

Do not pick your teeth with any hard substance. A toothpick is of very little necessity, and one made of soft material should be the only one used. Particles of food that adhere to the teeth after eating can generally be removed with the tongue.

The teeth should invariably be cleaned as much as possible with the tongue after each meal, to keep them free from substances that will cause them to decay, unless they are brushed regularly after eating.

Hot food or hot drinks, the hot smoke from a pipe, cigar or cigarette, or the chewing of tobacco, all tend to ruin the dental organs.

Like all other parts of the body, the teeth require exercise to keep them in a healthy condition. No one with good teeth should be afraid of chewing hard crusts, etc.; but he should avoid using the teeth for nut-crackers, or for breaking any thing that is as hard or harder than they are.

THE LUNGS AND VOCAL ORGANS.

What the lungs need to keep them in a healthy condition is plenty of pure air, sufficient exercise and freedom to expand.

Sufficient pure air can be obtained very easily by having proper means of ventilation in all dwelling houses, and by taking out-door exercise as often as convenient.

To retain strength in them and keep them from disease and consumption, it is necessary they should be used. This can be done by breathing exercises, by running or jumping.

Make a practice of throwing the shoulders back, thereby giving the lungs plenty of room to operate.

To cultivate and strengthen the vocal organs, inhale the breath and expel it by producing sounds such as singing or shouting. The art of singing and that of elocution are beneficial to the vocal organs and the lungs, giving them strength, whereby they can resist the attacks of disease.

The use of tobacco, as well as that of liquor, has an injurious effect upon the vocal organs; and the former also effects the lungs as well. Consumption is very often caused by smoking, especially if the habit has been formed when a person is very young.

THE NOSE.

The nose is the proper breathing organ and should be used for that purpose as much as possible. One is less liable to take cold or be troubled with the catarrh by breathing habitually through the nose. Even when a person has contracted what is called a cold in the head he should continue to use this organ for taking breath. This practice also renders one less liable to take contagious diseases when exposed to them, as the air is better purified by passing through the nostrils.

HEAD-KNOWLEDGE is our own, and can polish only the outside; heart-knowledge is the Spirit's work, and makes all glorious within.

DIVING IN THE SEA.

EXPERIENCE OF A WHITSTABLE DIVER.

MR. W. WOOD, of Herne Bay, followed the business of a diver for upwards of twenty-two years and then retired from active service. His stories of what he experienced down deep in the ocean depths are very interesting. He made his first start in life by an extraordinary, and as it turned out, a very lucky piece of diving. If the reader will look at the map of Ireland, he will see that outside the Belfast Lough, and a little to the south-west, opposite Donaghadee, are situated the Copeland Islands. It so happened that a Whitstable man was a coastguardsman in this district. He heard a legend that a ship laden with a heavy cargo of silver had been wrecked off the Copeland Islands some half a century ago. He, therefore, communicated with some of his friends at Whitstable who were divers. Accordingly Mr. Wood and four others put their diving-dresses on board a vessel, and sailed from Whitstable to Donaghadee.

The story they heard when they got to their destination was, that the wrecked vessel was in the slave trade, and that she had on board a large number of slaves when she struck, and also a considerable sum of money in silver dollars. Nothing would have been known of the wreck having taken place, had not somebody discovered human legs projecting above the surface of the water. It appears that the people on board the ship had tried to escape, having first filled their shirt-sleeves with dollars; but on getting up the rocks many of them had

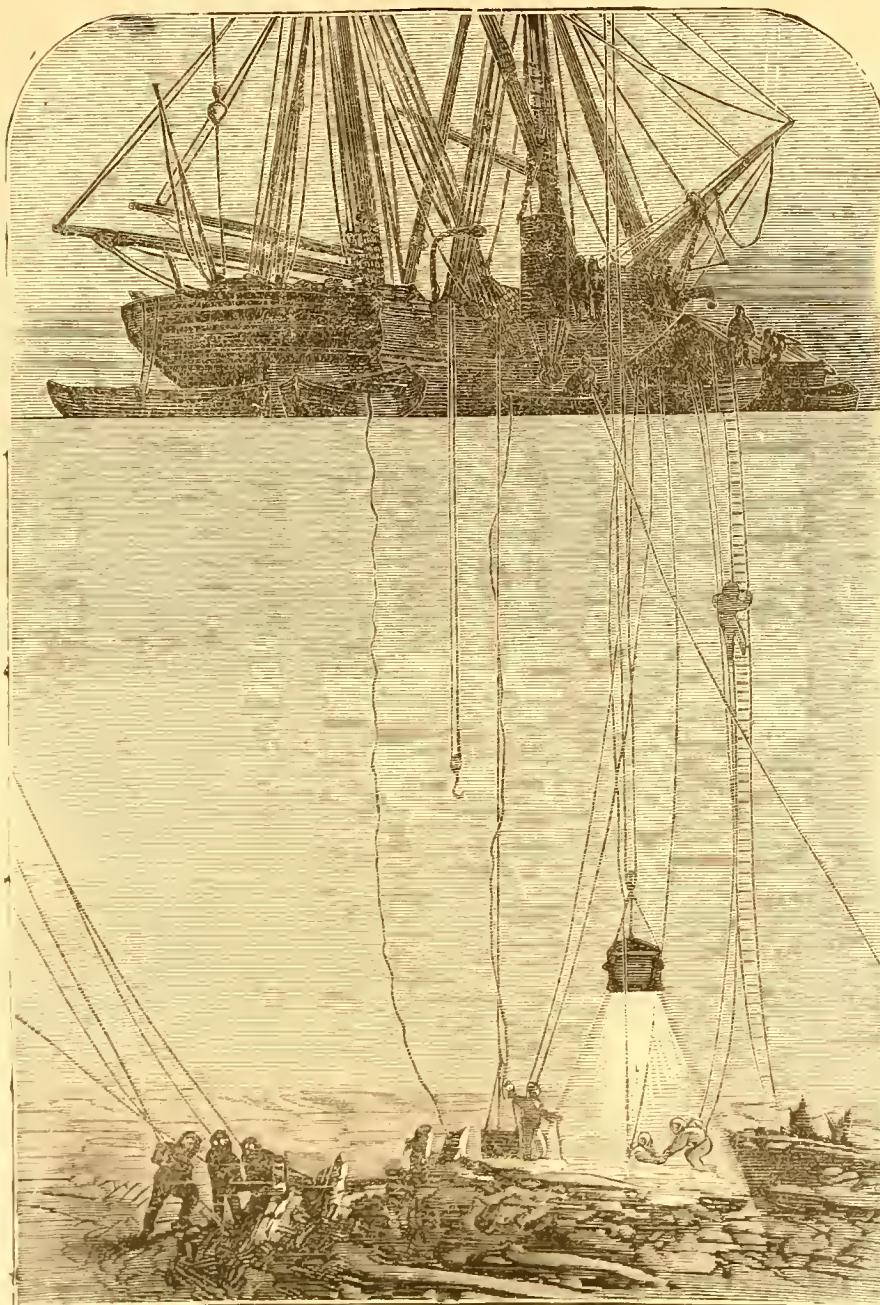
fallen back and met with an untimely end, as the weight of the dollars had kept their heads under water. No one had ever disturbed the wreck since the vessel went down, so Mr. Wood and his friends set to work to find out where she was.

They put on their diving-dresses, and for two or three days walked to and fro at the bottom of the sea in about forty feet of water searching for the treasure. This they did by clearing away the weeds and turning over the stones with crowbars, and feeling for the dollars with their hands, as the water was too thick to see. The wood part of the wreck itself had entirely perished through the action of the sea water. At last, deeply imbedded in the sand, a few dollars were found, which gave them encouragement to continue seeking the sunken treasure. Success crowned their labors, and upwards of \$25,000 were recovered. They took down seives and wooden corn-shovels, and riddled the dollars out of the sand at the bottom of the sea.

Mr. Wood always carried one of the dollars about with him. The following is the inscription:—On one side, 'Carolus iiiij. Dei Gratia, 1797. Hispan et Ind. Rex M. R. F.M.' The 'Divers' Arms,' near the clock tower at Herne Bay, of which Mr. Wood is the pro-

prietor, owes its existence to the discovery of these dollars.

When hunting among the wreck, Mr. Wood had some curious under-water adventures. One of the divers complained that he was annoyed by a lobster, and couldn't work. Mr. Wood learned the whereabouts of the creature and went down after him. He soon discovered Mr. Lobster sitting under a rock, looking as savage as a lobster can look. His feelers were



SEEKING LOST TREASURE.

pointed well forward, and he held out his two great claws wide open in a threatening attitude. Wood, knowing the habits of a lobster, offered this fellow his crowbar, which he immediately nipped with his claws. Then watching his opportunity, he passed his signal line over his tail, made it fast, and signaled to the men above to "haul away." This they did, and away went Mr. Lobster flying up through the water into the air above, with his claws still expanded, and as scared as a lobster could be.

A great conger-eel also paid the divers a visit. He was an immense fellow and kept swimming around Wood, but would not come near him. Wood was afraid of his hand being bitten, as a conger's bite is very bad. He once knew a diver whose finger was seized by one, which took all the flesh clean off his finger. A conger is a very dangerous animal to a man when diving in the water. However, this one kept swimming round Wood so he took his clasp knife out and tried to stab him, but the conger would not come near enough to be "knifed." It was a long while before the conger would go away, and even after he had gone away Wood could not go on working because he was not sure the brute was really gone for good, and he might have come out of some corner at any minute and nipped his fingers.

He was once employed in fixing some heavy stones in the harbor at Dover; while waiting for the stones to come down from the ship above, he sat down on a rock, and being quiet, a shoal of whiting-pout came up to examine the strange visitor to their subaqueous residence; they played all about him, and kept on biting at the thick glass which formed the eyes of his diving helmet; so the next time Wood went down he took with him a fish-hook fastened to the end of a short stick—a gaff, in fact. The pouts came around him as usual, and he gaffed them one after another with his hook. He then strung them on a string, and came up after his day's work was over with a goodly fry of whiting pouts for his supper.

On another occasion Wood was employed to bring up some pigs of lead from the hold of a vessel. When he was walking about on the top of the lead, he found something alive under his feet. It kicked tremendously, but he knelt down upon it to keep it steady; he soon ascertained that it was an enormous skate that he was standing on, so he served him as he did the lobster. He watched his opportunity and slipped the noose of his line around the skate's tail; he then signaled to "haul away," and up went Master Skate, flapping his great wings like a wounded eagle; and mightily astonished were the people in the boat when they found a monster skate on the end of the line, and not a pig of lead.

Wood once nearly lost his life when at the bottom of the sea. A Prussian vessel had gone down off the Mouse Buoy in the Thames estuary. The captain was drowned in his cabin, and Wood had undertaken to get him out if he possibly could. Arriving at the bottom of the sea, he found the vessel lying over on her side, and that she had gone down with all her sails set. He tried to get into the cabin, but found the mainsail blocking the cabin door. He was just about to return when he found that his air-pipe and signal-line had suddenly got jammed. Fully aware of his very dangerous position, and without losing his presence of mind, he sat quietly on the edge of the vessel and considered. The men above, he could find, were signaling violently to him to come up, but he could not answer as the line was jammed. He took out his pocket-knife, and thought two or three times of cutting himself adrift. As a last chance he determined to adopt another course, and

climbed up the rigging, among the great wet sails and loose ropes, as well as he could, and fortunately found the place where his air-pipe was hitched. He carefully loosened it, gave the signal, and was hauled up immediately.

Mr. Wood once found a "sea snake" drifted ashore near his public-house at Herne Bay. A showman declared that it was a boa-constrictor, but a very big one. The snake had probably died in some ship "from foreign parts" coming up the channel, and had been thrown overboard.

He also one day came across a live tame goose swimming all by himself off the Pan Sands, a considerable distance out at sea from Herne Bay; he caught the old goose, and he and his wife cooked it for dinner. This goose had also probably escaped overboard from some ship.

At a very low tide at Herne Bay, he discovered a fossil elephant's tusk, nearly perfect, sticking out of the mud. He had not time to take it all out before the tide came up; but still he got a large piece of it. This curious fossil ivory is now at the South Kensington Museum, England.

Though the natural constitution of man entirely unfit him for remaining under the water with safety for more than two minutes at a time, the desire of obtaining valuable articles lying at the bottom of the sea has led him to devise numerous expedients by which he is enabled to lengthen his continuance at moderate depths. By long practice, such as that of the Indian pearl divers at Ceylon, it is stated that this is extended to even six minutes; but such accounts are not credited. Admiral Hood, who took pains to time their diving by the watch, found that they were under water in no instance more than a minute. The instance narrated by Dr. Halley of a Florida Indian diver at Bermuda, who could remain two minutes under water is regarded as an extreme case. In Franchere's "Narrative of a Voyage to the N. W. Coast of America," mention is made of the feats of diving of the Sandwich Islanders. Two of them were induced to go down in fourteen fathoms of water in search of a couple of sheaves lost overboard. They went down several times, each time bringing up shells as proof that they had been to the bottom. "We had the curiosity to hold our watches while they dove, and were astonished to find that they remained four minutes under the water. When they came up the blood streamed from their nostrils and ears. At last one of them brought up the sheaves and received the promised recompense, which consisted of four yards of cotton."

The lungs retain at each ordinary expiration some carbonic acid gas among their passages. By breathing hard for a short time this is expelled; and if a full inspiration is then taken, the lungs are charged with a large supply of oxygen, and are capable of being sustained a longer time than usual without its renewal. The knowledge of this fact might be of some service in some other circumstances in which it is important to retain the breath the longest possible time, as well as in diving. Again, it is stated that the engineer Brunel, wishing to examine a break in the Thames tunnel, was lowered with another person in a diving-bell to the depth of thirty feet, and the break not permitting the bell to go deeper, he dove into the water, holding a rope in his hand. He found no difficulty in continuing under the water fully two minutes, which is explained by the air he inhaled being taken into the lungs under the pressure of a column of water thirty feet high, and consequently condensed into but little more than half its ordinary bulk. The lungs receiving of this air their full capacity, were furnished with nearly double their usual supply

of oxygen. The pressure which thus lessens the bulk of air is exerted upon all parts of the body. It is felt by the diver descending from the surface, when at the depth of fifteen square feet, as a force of nine hundred pounds upon every square foot of surface, and increasing about sixty pounds with every additional foot of descent. The air is with difficulty retained in the chest; the eyes become blood-shot, and blood is ejected from the mouth. Neither these difficulties, nor the shortness of the diver's life, however, nor the dangers from sharks, deter the natives of Ceylon from pursuing their avocation as pearl divers, nor those of the Grecian Archipelago from gathering sponges and coral attached to the rocks at the bottom of the sea.

THE ZUNI INDIANS.

BY FRANK BRADSHAW.

(Concluded from Page 229.)

TO-DAY their Caziques (or chiefs) act as their priests, and are supposed to be well versed in their priestly duties. The religious training of the early Catholics seems to have had very little effect upon their minds, and nothing in their religious practices point to Romanism. They worship God under the name of Onianicka; and the sun, stars, moon, water, land and trees are adored as being a part and portion of Him, or of His munificent gifts to them. They believe in revelation—and offer burnt offerings, such as meal, meat and bread. They make a bread as thin as paper, which they place upon their fires in their homes, and offer prayers to Onianicka while it is burning.

They believe in witchcraft, and deal out death to the suspected witch without mercy. A case occurred not long since in which an Indian who had lost several children by death, suspecting a neighbor woman who had peered into his window on his sick children, killed her. On arraignment at a court at Fort Wingate, the leading men of the Zunis plead his cause and represented that it was the custom firmly established so to do unto those practicing the black art. He was therefore discharged.

The feasts and holidays observed are very numerous. Their grand rabbit hunt, which occurs once a year, is a great occasion, in which both sexes of every age join. They pride themselves upon their great endurance as runners. Races of thirty-five miles are often engaged in—in which they not only run, but also kick a stick before them in a very skilful manner; the stick is about four inches long, and twice as thick as a common lead pencil. I could not believe that they could keep up any speed so hindered by the continual moving of the stick, until I witnessed an aged Indian go through the performance; removing the moccasin from his right foot, he started out, and the dexterity he displayed in keeping up a fast running pace, kicking the stick in front of him as he ran, showed me at once what could be done by younger men. How this encumbrance of the stick in their races originated I did not find out. They will complete a race of some thirty-five miles in three and one-half hours. Only their very best horses are able to keep up with the runners.

They dedicate their houses on their completion with feasting and much ceremony. The rites are performed by one of the priests, who arranges himself for the purpose to represent a huge woman, some eight feet high, with a prodigious

head, the nose of which takes the form of a large bird like beak some eighteen inches long, and is so arranged that the upper part can be lifted by means of a string in the man's hand, and coming together with a fearfully discordant clasp, thus filling the uninitiated youngsters with alarm. The huge woman is met by the priest on the outside of the village, and is supposed to have just arrived from the great Zuni Cave, distant some twenty-five miles, and in the vicinity of the Zuni Lake, for the purpose of dedicating the houses of the people.

For days prior to the dedication the family owning the new house, together with their relatives and friends, are busily engaged grinding meal and preparing food for the feast. Large quantities of meal are given, as a present, to the big woman for her maintenance, who no doubt shares the gifts with the other priests who assist on the occasion. Young girls follow in after the entrance of the big woman and priests to the house to be dedicated, bearing large vessels of their pottery ware containing meal and prepared food, such as cooked meats, peaches and baked bread. The priests first partake of the feast, then the distinguished guests, the Zunis next, after which the members of neighboring tribes of Moquis and Navajoes who may be present.

They have midwives who attend to their profession with much skill, but the women folk experience little inconvenience under the ordeal of giving birth to their offspring, and they are soon out and attending to their household duties.

In their courtship and marriage, the man offers the object of his choice a blanket which he himself has woven. If she accepts it, and he then gains the consent of the mother of the girl, the marriage is consummated. The sanction of the girl's father is of little moment, but the mother-in-law, as in all other well-ordered communities, is the party to be appeased, for the marriage cannot be consummated without her consent. Courtships are not of long duration.

Of the virtue of this people there are varied opinions. Before the conquest they practiced plural marriage as the Navajoes do at the present time. There are public prostitutes among them, who, however, are held in low esteem. W. T. James has been informed that in the evening of one of their feast days indiscriminate intercourse is allowed, but many of the Indians reserve themselves from participating.

The men spin the wool and weave the blankets, many of which are of superior workmanship and are woven so close as to be waterproof. The men are kind to the women, not leaving to them all the drudgery. They even share in the cultivation of the small gardens, and they bring and chop the wood. The men also do the harvest work. All are healthy, long-lived and happily disposed. Some live to a great age, and my informant tells me he has seen among them that peculiar "*rara avis*," a bald-headed Indian—some now living whom he thinks must be upwards of one hundred years of age.

Their agriculture comprises the raising of corn, wheat, beans, red peppers, squashes and melons. They also produce large quantities of peaches from their orchards on the sheltered sides of the mountains at some distance from their village. They dry farm, except in wheat raising, and that is irrigated. They make successful farmers. Threshing is done by treading out the grain with goats or horses, though occasionally it is done with the flail. Their wheat is cut with the sickle. Some of them have several years' supply of cereals in store.

In the stock line, they raise and own large numbers of sheep, goats, horses, cattle and *burros* (or donkeys). The latter were obtained from old Mexico many years ago, but

horse raising is a somewhat new industry with them. They do quite a heavy business in wool, which is mostly sold to a trader who lives with them the greater portion of the time. His name is Graham. Many of the Zunis now own wagons of eastern manufacture, plows and good tools for cultivating their land.

The settlement of Zunis on the land must date back many hundred years, and from the size and number of the ruins of many villages found close to Ramah this people must have been once very numerous. On the town site at Ramah are the ruins of one of these ancient villages, the outer wall of which is about 120x240 feet. From the rock once built in its outer wall W. T. James has built quite a substantial house. The outer walls of this village were built of uniform sized rocks about 6x4 inches, with the outer surface dressed, and were laid up in a masterly manner. The ruins of the houses or rooms within show that they were joined to the outer wall. The apartments are not more than 10x12 feet generally, but the ruins denote that within the square were larger apartments. From the debris and rock reaching at one point far out into the square, one would be led to conclude that this may have been their church or place of worship. A large indentation within the square is probably the spot where once existed a well contructed after the mode in vogue among the Indians of this region—by removing the soil from around the water that it can be descended to from all sides and the water dipped from the bottom of the declivity as if it were a natural spring.

Brother James in opening up one of the chambers concluded, from the unusual thickness of the walls and its being faced on both sides, that it had been used as a prison; he found a fine awl sticking in one of the walls in a good state of preservation. Two hammer heads made of stone were also found in these ruins, one weighing sixteen pounds, with a deep crevice cut round its center for receiving the clasp of a withe, of which, no doubt, the handle would be formed. Pottery of fire-proof clay has been taken therefrom of the same style as now made by the Zunis, and painted with the usual enduring paint. This ruin has a cedar tree growing on its site. Another close by has a pinon pine a foot in diameter growing upon it, showing the ruin to date back many years. The Zunis claim the inhabitants of these once populous villages were killed off or taken to Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest. The Navajoes assert that these villages were devastated by the visitation of a fearful wind storm, which blew down the walls and killed the inhabitants.

About midway between the Ramah ruin and one more extensive which is located down the valley about four miles, is situated a circular ruin some eighty paces in diameter. It is situated on slightly elevated ground from the surrounding plain. It may have been enclosed to be used as a yard for the cattle of the two villages. Yet there are around the wall in some places, and also in the enclosed space, ruins denoting the presence of habitations. The outer wall was composed of dressed stone.

The rock used in the building of these villages is a light red sandstone, found plentifully in the near neighborhood of the sites of these buildings.

All of the ruins point to the fact that they were constructed not only as a place of habitation, but also combined with the idea of protection against a powerful and dreaded foe. The look-out posts on the knolls and ridges commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, and the fact that these villages were both habitation and fort, strengthen this belief.

Even the present village is situated in the center of an open plain, and from the tops of its lofty houses the approach of a foe could be seen for many miles in either direction. It is situated in such a well chosen position as to be incapable of being surprised by a foe.

THE AFFLICTED HEALED.

BY THEODORE BRANDLEY.

WHILE laboring as a missionary in the summer of 1884, I had for a companion Elder W. from Santa Clara, who was as good and faithful a Latter-day Saint as I had ever met, an energetic and devoted missionary, but in his usefulness he was greatly hampered by a very painful disease which he had brought upon himself through overwork in trying to redeem the "Utah Dixie" from its sterile condition. As we were strangers in a strange country, we were compelled to travel day after day, and the disease of Elder W. was thereby aggravated, as well as by improper diet. Any great exertion caused intense pain, and often the almost unendurable suffering of my companion would compel us to seek the friendly shelter of a tree or hedge along the way that he might lie down and rest. Elder W., prompted by a keen sense of the responsibilities resting upon us, would plead with me to leave him to his fate and pursue my journey alone, that at least one of us might be able to perform the duty of warning the people; yet I could not consent to such a course and remained with him. We fasted and prayed together and once or twice I administered to him, but while this brought temporary relief, it did not remove the complaint.

One evening in July, while traveling in Marion County, Kansas, we were forced to call very early at the house of a farmer, a Menonite, who gave us shelter for the night, for which we presented him with the gospel message. This however, found no echo in the heart of our host or his household. After a sleepless night Elder W. arose from his bed, a very sick and feeble man, yet when breakfast was over we were told that we had better pursue our journey. We did so for a mile or two, when Elder W. declared he could go no further. An old shanty close by, to which we turned, offered some shelter from the burning sun, and while my companion sank completely exhausted upon a heap of coal, I went to a bunch of shrubbery not far distant and called upon God in earnest prayer. After returning to Elder W. he requested to receive the administration, to which I cheerfully consented. I anointed him with oil and then laid my hands upon his head, as God commands, and if ever an earnest prayer of faith for the healing of the sick was offered, it was then. Being commanded in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and pursue his journey, Elder W. obeyed, and under the most fearful pain walked about ten steps when suddenly all pain left and his body became invigorated with new life, as it were. Joyful, and with grateful hearts, we went our way, our faith in God and the healing power of the Priesthood having received an additional testimony. Elder W. from that hour was able to perform his duty, and proved to be one of the most energetic Elders in the mission.

To ask and to bestow,
Knowledge, is much of Heaven's delight,

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

AMONG other parties in the field with candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, the Prohibition Party is actively pushing forward its candidate, and agitating with great earnestness the question of the prohibition of alcoholic drinks. Its advocates claim that it is a growing party, and that it will make itself felt in this coming election.

There is no doubt the question of prohibition is one that is receiving considerable attention. The magnitude of the drinking habit in the United States appeals very strongly to lovers of temperance for some action of a prohibitory character. It is claimed that the suppression of the liquor traffic would involve the saving to American firesides of *more than fifteen hundred million dollars annually!* It is stated that since the beginning of the present century the "abuse of alcohol has taken the lives of more than four millions of the American people, has destroyed more than forty thousand millions of dollars of the fruits of national industry, and has multiplied vice, crime, insanity, poverty, ignorance, disease, degradation and misery in all forms and places beyond all power of computation."

The advocates of prohibition assert that "there are six hundred millions of dollars, at least, gathered in by the liquor dealers of the United States for intoxicating beverages." They state that there are one hundred millions more spent for this beverage than there are for bread-stuffs. They also state that four hundred thousand men are engaged in the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicants; and that there are thirty-three millions of dollars worth of grain destroyed as food to make alcoholic drinks. They claim that those engaged in the business of manufacturing these alcoholic beverages add nothing by their labor "to the bodily, intellectual or spiritual advancement of a single human being."

One writer goes so far as to say, "the world would have been worse, the country no poorer, if every man of them had been buried on the 1st of January of the preceding year;" for "that great body of workers do not enhance the property of the country by the amount of one solitary dime."

Another writer asserts that the liquor traffic is responsible for 80 per cent. of all crime, for 30 per cent. of lunacy, 45 per cent. of idiocy, 75 to 90 per cent. of pauperism, and 10 per cent. of deaths.

Gladstone, the eminent English statesman, is credited with the statement that the use of intoxicants inflicts more harm on man "than the three great historic scourges—war, famine and pestilence—combined."

To Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, is attributed the remark concerning the liquor traffic being so intimately connected with crime in England, that "if we could make England sober, we would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons."

These are frightful statements, but observation confirms the most of them. Everyone who has paid attention to this subject, and has had any experience, must admit that the sale and use of intoxicating beverages is the most fruitful source of all the evils which afflict mankind.

The growth of this habit in our settlements gives pain to every lover of Zion. It threatens the destruction of many souls. Wherever the habit of drinking is contracted it fastens itself with a deathlike grip upon its victim, and the cases are very few among us where people who have once acquired this

pernicious habit ever are able to master it. In our climate the effect of using intoxicating drinks seems to be more deadly than in other places. Men may tipple for years in the States, or in the old countries, and continue the habit without bringing them rapidly to the grave; but in this climate, as everyone who has taken notice must admit, the tippler soon finds a drunkard's grave. This may be due to our altitude and to the fact that stimulants quicken heart action and speedily exhaust the vital forces. But whatever the reasons may be, it is easy to predict the fate of a man in this country who commences to drink stimulants.

The only safe rule for our children to adopt is to totally abstain from the use of all beverages of this character. Young people may think that a glass of beer will not hurt them. But will it do them any good? Are they not better without it? If they never drink the first glass, they would not want a second. A young man may think that a glass of wine would not hurt him. Suppose that it would not, would it be wise for him to take it? Assuredly not. If he never drinks the first glass, he will never be tempted to drink the second. The boy who resolutely refuses to drink the first glass of beer or wine or liquor, will never become a drunkard, and in that resolution to never taste beverages lies the safety of many souls.

There are some men who are so organized that if they taste stimulants they cannot stop until they become intoxicated. No one knows until he tries whether this may be his disposition or not. Therefore, lest he should have an appetite, which, when aroused may become ungovernable, the safest course for every boy and young man to take is to practice total abstinence and to resist all persuasion, and importunity, and solicitation in every form, to partake of any beverages of this character.

I know there are many arguments against prohibition, and in favor of some other method of restraining the traffic in liquor. High license has been urged in our city as the best method of managing this awful practice. But whenever liquor-selling is licensed it becomes legal, and being legal it becomes to a certain extent in many persons' eyes, respectable.

There are people who argue that houses of ill-fame should be licensed. What would be thought in our community of persons who urged the licensing of houses of ill-fame amongst us? There can be as many reasons brought forward in favor of this, probably, by a certain class, as there are now in favor of licensing liquor saloons.

One writer, who argues in favor of prohibition, puts the liquor saloon in the same category with slaughter-houses, bone factories, powder mills, and other concerns which are dangerous. He says: "We prohibit the building of frame houses inside the fire limits. Why? Not because the building of such a house is sinful, but because it is dangerous." He would have saloons prohibited for the same reason. They are a menace to the public welfare. If a government was ever justified, he says, in prohibiting anything that was dangerous, our government would be justified certainly in prohibiting the liquor traffic.

These views are worthy of consideration.

The moral tone of our community ought to be strengthened by every possible means. Moral suasion and careful teaching should be used to impress the rising generation with the evil results which follow the use of these drinks. But it would be a great help in addition to have the law assist in this by removing from our young people the temptation to indulge in these bad habits. Where drinking saloons abound many

people drink because the facilities for drinking are so convenient. Many would never think of drinking beer, wine or liquor if it were not brought close to them. I am aware that it is argued that people should exercise self-control, and expressions of contemptuous pity are used concerning those who must have saloons prohibited to keep them from being drunkards. It is undoubtedly true that a strong and a perfect man is able to control his appetite and to refrain from indulging in drink in the midst of pressing solicitations to join others; and all men ought to be able to do this. But there are men who either cannot or will not exercise this self-control. They need help. A law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors would help them.

But it is an important question which the opponents of prohibition ask in this connection :

Why should men who can take a glass of beer or a glass of wine or a glass of spirits, and be content with that without drinking any more, and who never use these articles to excess, be prohibited from tasting them because there are some persons who will make fools of themselves and get drunk?

The opponents of prohibition urge that their personal liberty would be interfered with by a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks.

But are there not many other laws which are restraints upon personal liberty in the gratification of appetite? Besides, the spread of this vice of drinking is so rapid in the world that it is plain that those who can exercise self-control and confine their use of stimulants to an occasional glass are greatly in the minority.

Even in our community, where religion comes to aid in repressing the use of intoxicating drinks, and where every one professing to be a Latter-day Saint should be a total abstainer, the spread of the habit of drinking these beverages excites the most serious concern.

Every man who loves his fellowman, or has any regard for the welfare and prosperity of the race, would be willing, I think, to be put under the restraint of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicants, for the sake of the results which would be likely to follow. It is not contradicted that the traffic in liquor is responsible for four-fifths of the poverty and seven-eighths of the crime of the country. And it would require the pen of an angel to describe the wretchedness and misery which it has brought to the family of man. Oceans of tears have been shed by women and children who have been the innocent victims of the slaves of the vile habit of drinking liquor. Broken-hearted and plunged in the depths of woe, their piteous cries have ascended to heaven in such continuous volume as to bring down the curse of the Lord upon the unholy traffic.

It is argued, I know, that prohibition does not prohibit; that laws will not prevent the use of liquor. But all who are familiar with our settlements since we came to these valleys know that there is more drinking of liquor where there are saloons than there was when there were no saloons. The vice spreads more rapidly where there are opportunities to acquire and indulge in it. For the sake of the rising generation, the young, the thoughtless, the inexperienced, therefore, would it not be a blessed achievement to banish the sale of liquor from every place where the Latter-day Saints reside and can exercise control?

In view of the benefits that would follow, I think so.

He that is angry at another man's faults, and is not angry at his own, is a hypocrite.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY T. GREET.

HOUSEHOLD treasures, household treasures,
Gems of worth, say, what are they?
Walls of jasper, doors of cedar,
Arras of superb array?
Caskets of the costliest jewels,
Cabinets of ancient store,
Shrines where Art her incense offers,
Volumes of profoundest lore?

Household treasures, home's true jewels,
Deem I better far than those:
Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
As the dew-bespangled rose
Tempt me not with gold of Ophir,
Wreath not gems to deck my head;
Winsome hearthlings, home's fond angels,
Are the things I crave instead.

Sweet the song the skylark trilleth,
Bright the hue the rose assumes,
Pure the quiet-wooing lily
That upon the lakelet blooms;
But more sweet, more bright and purer
Seem the lips and heart of youth;
Blessed seraphs, sent to utter
Syllables of love and truth.

Joyous creatures, choicee possessions,
May-flower's in life's winter hour;
Beams of sunshine, chasing ever
Shadows that may cross the door;
Drops of rain, when care or anguish
Parch the spirit's genial springs;
Soothing minstrels, when unkindness
Snaps the heart's melodious strings.

Household treasures, household treasures,
Gems of worth, say, what are they?
All that wealth or grandeur proffer,
Soon, alas! must know decay;
But, 'midst amaranths unfading,
With the rose-stain'd cherubim,
Happy children, gone before us,
Swell the everlasting hymn.

MANNERS and morals are closely connected, though, not seldom, parents, attentive to their children's training in the one, are strangely negligent with regard to the other. Example goes a mile where precept goes an inch with children, and it is no mere supposititious statement to say, that the irreverence toward elders, with which children nowadays are justly charged, is largely owing to impressions received from association with them. Comparatively few people will retain themselves in speech on account of the presence of the little ones, and these consequently hear a vast amount of talk in no wise calculated to inspire esteem for those who engage in it. To the same cause is due the sophistication of children, so noticeable and deplorable.

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(Tune. - *The merry maids of England*)

WILLIAM WILLIS.

ARRANGED BY E BEESLEY.

My mountain home, here in the west, the land I love so well; Where youth and tott'r-ing age can rest 'Mong mountaiu stream and dell; The blue-eyed blond, the roam Such worth or beau - ty e'er could claim As those in my lov'd home, It fills my soul with pend; The ties that bind our hearts to them Will nev - er have an end; In all the phas - es

bright brunette Do each their charms dis - play. The merry maids of Des - er - et How ee - sta - sy My heart with pure de - light, It is no glow - ing phan - tas - y, A of this life They stand in bright ar - ray Our mothers, wives and daught - ers How beau - ti - ful are they. The merry maids of Des - er - et How beau - ti - ful are they. pie - ture here in sight. It is no glow - ing phan - tas - y, A pic ture here in sight. beau - ti - ful are they. Our mothers, wives and daught - ers How beau - ti - ful are they.

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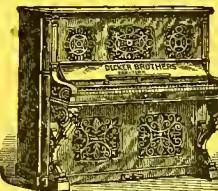
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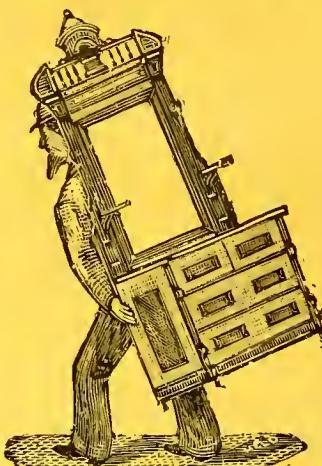
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